

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

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The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

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Times of holding Courts in the 13th Circuit, 1849.

Sandusky. March 26, June 18, October 15th.

Erie. March 19, May 21, October 1st.

Huron. March 12, June 4, September 18.

Wood. April 2, October 23.

Ottawa. May 1, September 10.

Lucas. April 6, June 25, Oct. 26.

1849. [1849.]

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Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

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TENDERS his professional services, the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.

From several years experience, he flatters himself that he has become thoroughly acquainted with the diseases incident to this climate, and hopes to merit a portion of public patronage.

He resides in the house owned, and lately occupied by W. W. Ainger, and keeps an office in the brick building opposite David Deane's at one of which places he will be found at all reasonable hours, unless absent on professional business.

April 29th, 1849.

Woolen Goods have been sold!

great bargain may now be had in broadcloths, cassimeres and satinettes, at the Farmer's Cheap store.

C. J. PETTIBONE.

Poetry.

From the U. S. Gazette.

The Hymns My Mother Sung.

There are to me no hymns more sweet,
Than those my mother sang,
When joyously around her feet
Her little children clung.

The baby in its cradle slept—
My mother sang the while;—
What wonder if there softly crept,
Across her lips a smile.

And I, a sick and languid boy,
Oppressed with many pains,
Oh felt a quiet sense of joy
Come with her soothing strains.

The sterling tear mine eye bedimmed—
My heart is running o'er—
The music of a mother's hymns
Shall cheer me here no more.

Miscellaneous.

For the Freeman.

AN INCIDENT.

The Sun had as yet scarcely peered over the eastern horizon, as with knapsack and staff I left the quiet suburbs of the city of P., on an excursion into the country; a measure suggested by my medical adviser for the purpose of recruiting a state of health naturally delicate, and which the dissipations of a city life had in no wise contributed to improve. The streets were comparatively deserted, and except that here and there the inebriate or gambler issued from the scene of nocturnal debaucheries, I was solitary and alone. But once beyond the busy mart of trade and speculation, and when night but its numberless spires appeared in the distance, how different was the scene which presented; all nature had roused itself to praise the Father of the Universe. The robin's cheerful song blended in unison with the milder tones of the linnet. The leaves sparkled in the morning rays with ten thousand times ten thousand dew drops, and as the full beauty of the scene burst upon my vision and appealed to the noble impulses of my being, an exclamation of gratitude towards the Almighty Giver of good, the first in the course of many years, escaped me, and with thoughts dwelling on the baseness of man I pursued my way, nor did rouse me from meditations until the noise of children at play attracted my attention. I looked in the direction whence it came, and discovered but a short distance in advance a band of youthful beings engaged in their rural sports—scholars, as their proximity to the school house indicated. This latter stood a few yards from the road, its sides embowered with ivy, its roof overshadowed by a giant oak, whose special charge it seemed to protect it from the stormy blast. Entranced with the sight and wishing to enjoy it undisturbed, I withdrew to a thicket near by, where, reposing my budget on a fallen trunk, I could see all and still be unobserved. Ever and anon there arose a new shout from the youthful claque which betokened an addition to their numbers;—but all at once another, louder and more prolonged—accompanied by the exclamation: "The Teacher is coming!" attracted my gaze in the direction in which she was advancing. Forgetting their sport, the little group sprang with one accord to meet her. Ah, how shall I describe that lovely being, as with bonnet thrown back she stood in the midst of her innocent charge and clasped each one of them to her bosom as they pressed forward for their morning kiss. Hers was a beautiful countenance—yet it was not the beauty of the reigning belle—there was a mildness, a serenity about it, perhaps a shade of melancholy that at once won the heart of the spectator.

When all had received the customary salutation, she led them to the school house; then was rife the busy note of preparation for the daily routine of study. But in a moment or two this was hushed, and simultaneously those youthful voices joined in a hymn of thanksgiving. The sweetness of the melody forced me from my retreat, and I advanced to the side of the house to listen. The hymn completed, again there was a pause; a voice arose in prayer—it was the teacher's. She prayed that she might be endowed with wisdom from on high, to discharge rightly her responsibilities; she asked that her youthful flock whose destiny was, while committed to her care, might be led in green pastures and by the side of living waters; that He who has promised to take charge of the lambs of the flock and fold them in his bosom; that He would gently lead them along the path of life, be their shepherd and safeguard; prepare them to fill honorable and respectable positions in society, and finally award to each an inheritance among the blest made perfect.—She ceased—and the busy hum that followed told me their daily tasks had commenced. I pursued my way deeply meditating on what I had seen and heard. * * * Years have passed since this incident, trivial in its nature, transpired, yet it has ever been to me a green spot "mid memory's desert waste," one that I look back upon as among the most interesting of a checkered life, and which has, as I had hoped, exerted a salutary influence upon my general character.

Lower Sandusky, O. W. A.

The British steamer Thames, which arrived at Mobile, direct from Havana, brings intelligence of a negro insurrection at St. Lucia, on the 14th ult, which was directed, first against the inhabitants, who were obliged to go to Barbadoes for assistance. Two hundred British soldiers were despatched to St. Lucia, who fired upon the insurgents killing and wounding many, and effectually quelled the outbreak.

From Peterson's Magazine.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A lad was toiling up a hill, near the city, under the weight of a heavy basket, on the afternoon of a sultry day in August. He had been sent home with some goods to a customer who lived a short distance in the country. The boy was lightly built, and his burden seemed almost beyond his strength. Many times he sat down to rest himself on his way up the hill. But it seemed as if he would never reach the summit. Each time he lifted the basket, it seemed heavier than before.

The boy was about half way up the hill with his basket, when a gentleman overtook and passed him. He had not gone on many paces, when he stopped, and, turning round to the lad, looked at him for a moment or two, and then said kindly—
"That's a heavy load you have. Come, let me help you."

And the gentleman took the basket and carried it to the top of the hill.

"There. Don't you think you can get along now?" said he, with a smile, as he set the basket down. "Or shall I carry it a little further?"

"No, no, thank you, sir," replied the boy, with a glow of gratitude on his young face. "I can carry it now very well; and I am very much obliged to you."

"You are right welcome, my little man," said the gentleman, and passed on.

Twenty years from that time, a care-worn man, well advanced in life, sat motionless in an old arm chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the glowing grate. He was alone, and appeared to be in a state of great abstraction. In a little while, however, the door of the room opened, and the light form of a young and lovely girl glided in.

"Papa," said a low sweet voice, and a hand was very gently laid on the old man's arm.

"Is it you, my dear?" he returned with a sigh.

"Yes, papa," and the young girl leaned against him, and parted with her delicate fingers the thin, grey locks that lay in disorder about his forehead.

"I would like to be alone this evening, Florence," said the old man. "I have a good deal to think about, and expect a person on business."

And he kissed her tenderly, yet sighed as he pressed her lips to hers.

The girl passed out as noiselessly as she had entered. The old man had been calm, before her coming in, but the moment she retired he became agitated and aroused, and walked the floor uneasily.

He continued to pace to and fro for nearly half an hour, when he stopped suddenly and listened. The street door bell had rung. In a little while a man entered the room.

"Mr. Mason," he said with a slight perceptible embarrassment.

"My Page," returned the old man, with a feeble, quickly fading smile. "Good evening," and he offered his hand.

The visitor grasped the old man's hand, and shook it warmly. But there was no pressure in return.

"Sit down, Mr. Page."

The man took a chair, and Mr. Mason sat down near him.

"You promised an answer to my proposal to-night," said the former after a pause.

"I did," returned the old man, "but I am as little prepared to give it as I was yesterday. In fact, I have not found an opportunity to say anything to Florence on the subject."

The countenance of the visitor fell, and something like a frown darkened upon his brow.

There was an embarrassing silence of some minutes. After which, the man called Page, said—

"Mr. Mason, I have made an honorable proposal for your daughter's hand. For weeks you have evaded, and do still evade an answer. This seems so much like trifling, that I begin to feel as if just cause of offence existed."

"None is intended, I do assure you," replied Mr. Mason, with something deprecating in his tone.—

"But you must remember, Mr. Page, that you never sought to win the young girl's affection, and that, as a consequence, the offer of marriage which you wish to make her, will be received with surprise, and it may be disapproved. I wish to approach her on this subject, with proper discretion. To be too precipitate, may startle her into instant repugnance against your wishes."

"She loves you, does she not?" inquired Page with a marked significance of manner.

"A child never loved a parent more tenderly," replied Mr. Mason.

"Give her, then, an undisguised history of your embarrassment. Show her how your fortunes are trembling on the brink of ruin, and that you have but one hope of relief and safety left. The day she becomes my wife, you are relieved from all danger. Will you do this?"

The old man did not reply. He was lost in a deep reverie. It is doubted whether he had heard all that the man had said.

"Will you do this?" replied Page, and with some impatience in his tone.

Mason aroused himself as from a dream, and answered with great firmness and dignity.

"Mr. Page, the struggle in my mind is over. I am prepared for the worst. I have no idea that Florence will favor your suit, and I will not use a single argument to influence her. In that matter she must remain perfectly free. Approach her as a man, and win her if you have the power to do so. It is your only hope."

As if stung by a serpent, Page started from his chair.

"You will repent this, sir," he angrily retorted, "and repent it bitterly. I came to you with honorable proposals for your daughter's hand, you listened to them, gave me encouragement, and promised me an answer to night. Now you meet me with insult! Sir! You will repent this!"

Mr. Mason ventured no reply, but merely bowed in token of his willingness to meet and bear all consequences that might come.

For a long time after this angry visitor had retired, did Mr. Mason cross the floor with measured steps. At last he rang the bell, and directed the servant who came, to say to Florence he wished to see her.

When Florence came, she was surprised to see that her father was strongly agitated.

"Sit down, dear," he said in a trembling voice; "I have something to say to you that must not long be concealed."

Florence looked wonderingly into her father's face, while her heart began to sink.

Just then a servant opened the door, and ushered in a stranger. He was a tall, fine looking young man, just in the prime of life. Florence quickly

retired, but not before the stranger fixed his eyes upon her face, and marked her sweet expression.

"Pardon the intrusion, sir," he said as soon as the young girl had left the room, "but facts that I have learned this evening have prompted me to call upon you without a moment's delay. My name is Greer, of the firm of Greer, Miller & Co."

Mr. Mason bowed, and said—
"I know your house very well, and now remember to have met you more than once in business transactions."

"Yes, you have bought one or two bills of us," replied the visitor. Then, after a moment's pause, he said in a changed tone—

"Mr. Mason, I learned to night from a source, which leaves little room to doubt the truth of the statement, that your affairs have become seriously embarrassed. That you are, in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy. Tell me frankly, whether this is indeed so; I ask from no idle curiosity, nor from a concealed and sinister motive, but to the end that I may prevent the threatened disaster, if it is in my power to do so."

Mr. Mason was dumb with surprise at so unexpected a declaration. He made two or three efforts to speak, but his lips uttered no sound.

"Confide in me, sir," said the visitor, "trust me as you would your own brother, and lean upon me if your strength is indeed failing. Tell me then, is it as I have said?"

"It is," was all the merchant could utter.

"How much will save you? Mention the sum, and if within the compass of my ability to raise, you shall have it in hand to-morrow. Will twenty thousand dollars relieve you from your present embarrassment?"

"Fully."

"Then let your anxiety subside, Mr. Mason.—That sum you shall have. To-morrow I will see you. Good evening!"—And the visitor arose and was gone, before his bewildered auditor had sufficiently recovered his senses to know what to think or say.

In the morning, true to his promise, Mr. Greer called upon Mr. Mason, and tendered him a check for ten thousand dollars, with his note of hand for thirty days for ten thousand more, which was almost the same as money.

While the check and note lay before him on the desk, and ere he had touched them, Mr. Mason looked earnestly at the man who had suddenly taken the character of a disinterested, self-sacrificed friend, and said—

"My dear sir, I cannot understand this. Are you laboring under some error?"

"Oh no. You once did me a service that I am now only seeking to repay. It is my first opportunity, and I embrace it eagerly."

"Did you a service! When?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the man. "I was a poor boy, and you were a man of wealth. One hot day I was sent a long distance with a heavy basket. While toiling up a hill, with the hot sun upon me, and almost overcome with heat and fatigue, you came along and not only spoke to me kindly, but took my basket and carried it to the top of the hill. Ah, sir, you did not know how deep that act of kindness sank into my heart, and I longed for an opportunity to show you by some act of kindness how I felt. But none came. Often afterward I met you on the street, and looked into your face with pleasure.—But you did not remember me. Ever since I have regarded you with different feelings from those I have entertained for others; and there has been no time I would not have put myself out to serve you. Last night I heard of your embarrassments, and immediately called upon you. The rest you know."

Mr. Mason was astonished at so strange a declaration.

"Do you remember the fact to which I refer?" asked Mr. Greer.

"It had faded from my own memory entirely; but your words have brought back a dim recollection of the fact. But it was a little matter, and not entitled to the importance you have given it."

"To me it was not a little matter, sir," returned Mr. Greer. "I was a weak boy, just sinking under a burden that was too heavy, when you put forth your hand and carried it for me. I could not forget it. And now, let me return at the first opportunity, the favor by carrying your burden for you, which has become too heavy, until the hill is ascended, and you are able to bear it onward again."

Mr. Mason was deeply moved. Words failed him in efforts to express his true feelings. The bread cast upon the water had returned to him after many days, and he gathered it with words of thankfulness.

The merchant was saved from ruin. Nor was this all. The glimpse which Mr. Greer had received of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mason, revealed a character of beauty that impressed him deeply, and he embraced the first opportunity to make her acquaintance. A year afterwards he led her to the altar.

A kind act is never lost, even though done to a child.

True Greatness.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. "On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man from the north who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and asking him where he lived, said, on being told: "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When he came to the house the young man inquired—"What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," said the Chief Justice; "you are welcome; it was my way and not my trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that bro't home my turkey for me?" inquired the young man of a by-stander. "That," replied he, "John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply. True greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially, the true great man will never feel above helping himself. His own independence of character depends on his being able to help himself. Dr. Franklin, when he first established himself in business in Philadelphia wheeled home the paper which he purchased for the printing office, upon a wheel-barrow with his own hands.

Perseverence, Industry and Economy will give a man a competence of this world's goods.

COL. FREMONT AND HIS PARTY.

Further and final accounts.

The National Intelligencer, of yesterday, resumes the extracts from Col. Fremont's letters prefacing them with the following description of the localities made memorable by disaster, for the information of those who have not recent maps at hand.

It is known that the great Rocky Mountain chain, with a general direction north and south, sends out a branch towards the south-west from between the heads of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte; and this branch forms the dividing ridge between the upper valleys of these two rivers and between the head-waters of the Red river and the Del Norte; and having accomplished these purposes, it subsides and disappears in the plains of Texas. The highest part of this branch chain, and the governing object in it to travelers, are the Spanish peaks, first named known to American geography by the then young Lt. Pike. These peaks are about in N. lat. 37th deg., and W. long. from London 105 deg., and about on a line longitudinally with the Pueblos of the Upper Arkansas; distant from them half a degree, and in sight. They are seen at a great distance, and are guiding objects to travelers. The road to Santa Fe passes below these peaks, and crosses the chain about 2 deg. south: Col. Fremont passed above them, and entered the valley of the Del Norte high above the Mexican settlements, and above Pike's stockade, and intended to follow the Del Norte to its head, and cross the great Rocky Mountain chain through some pass there to be found. He was therefore, so to speak, going into the forks of the mountain—into the gorge of two mountains—and at a great elevation, shown by the fact of the great rivers which issue from the opposite side of the Rocky Mountains at that part—the Arkansas and the Del Norte on the east, the Grande river fork of the Colorado of the Gulf of California on the west.

It was at this point—the head of the Del Norte—where no traveler had ever gone before, that Col. Fremont intended to pass, to survey his last line across the continent, complete his knowledge of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and crown the labors of long explorations by showing the country between the great river and the great sea to be inhabited by a civilized people, and practicable for a great road, and that on several lines, and which was the best.

He had been seven years engaged in this great labor, and wished to complete it. It was the beginning of December that he crossed the chain from Arkansas valley into the valley of the Del Norte; and although late, with the full belief of the old hunters and traders at the Pueblos, the guide inclusive, whom he engaged that he would go through. He was provided with everything to carry the men to California, and with grain to carry all the animals across the mountains into the valley of the tributaries of the great Colorado of the west, where the snow would be light, wood and grass sufficient, game abundant, and the hardships of the expedition all surmounted and left behind. Unhappily the guide consumed these two weeks in getting to the head of the Del Norte—a distance which only required four or five days of travel, as Col. Fremont showed in coming back. This was the cause of the first calamity—loss of the horses and mules. The same guide consumed twenty-two days, when sent with the party for relief, in making the distance which Col. Fremont, (with Godey, Preuss and servant,) without a guide, on foot, in colder weather, deeper snow, and half famished, made in six. That was the cause of the second and irreparable calamity—the death of the men!

The immediate scene of suffering in this great disaster, where the ascent of the great mountain was forced, and its summit scaled, must have been about N. lat. 38th, and W. long. from London 107th, the elevation about 12,000 feet, and the time that of dead winter—Christmas! From this point the noted objects, Pike's peak and the Three parks, would bear about E. N. E., and the Spanish peaks about E. S. E.